

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

VOL. 8. NO. 44.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 408.

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

BY SAMUEL D. HARRIS, JR.

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The Man who Struck Himself.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Jason Elder belonged to that rather large class of persons who find pleasure in the sufferings or misfortunes of their fellow men. This is stating the case rather broadly, and we do not, in the least, doubt that Jason, should he ever chance to discover this introduction of himself to the public, will reject our classification so far as he is concerned. We make it understandingly however. The fault we have indicated is usually the companion of another. The man who feels pleasure in the ill-fortune of his neighbor will hardly hesitate to inflict an injury if it can be done with impunity.

Men of the class to whom Jason Elder belonged rarely pass far on their life journey without misunderstanding some of their fellow passengers. Of course they are always in the right and their fellow passengers in the wrong. And as they are the injured and the oppressed, it is the most natural thing in the world for them to be indignant, and quite as natural to retaliate—giving blow for blow.

"The man who wrongs me, I neither forgive nor forget." This was one of Jason Elder's sayings, and a very bad saying we cannot help deploring it to be—particularly so in Jason's case, for he quite lived up to his principles. Of course judgment as to wrong was always rendered by himself, and on evidence wholly ex parte. If he believed that another meant to do him wrong, and he could believe, sometimes, on very slight evidence—an evil purpose was as quickly born in his mind, as if positive testimony was before his eyes.

In fact Jason Elder was a very bad sort of a man, and often very troublesome to those who had any dealings with him.

Among those who were favored with the hearty dislike of Elder, was a master mechanic in a small way, named Martin Lee, who, by industry and economy, had accumulated enough to buy himself a house of moderate size, as a home for his family. Elder also owned a house in the same neighborhood. These houses were built on a piece of ground that originally belonged to the same estate.

Mr. Lee was a very upright man—too upright and independent to have much intercourse with a man like Elder, and not mortally offend him. He had so offended him, and the offence was neither forgotten nor forgiven. In more than one instance his enemy had sought to do him an injury but the poisoned arrow, flung from his bow had flown harmlessly by him.

One day while in conversation with one of those gossiping individuals who give more attention to their neighbors' business than they do their own, the latter said, in responding to some ill-natured remark uttered against Mr. Lee:

"I learned a fact yesterday that may be you would like to hear."

"About that Lee?" eagerly inquired Elder.

"Yes, or I might better say, about the ground on which he has that snug little house."

"Indeed?" Our gentleman was all alive now and commenced rubbing his hands in delightful expectations.

"What about the ground?"

"Title defective" was the laconic answer.

"No!"

"Fact. Had it from old Larkin and I rather think he ought to know something about it."

"Well, that is news! Got a bad title, eh? I wonder who's on the hip now, Mr. Martin Lee?"

"But surely, Mr. Elder," said his informant "you will not take advantage of this information to injure our friend Lee?"

"Won't I indeed! Wait and see. If I don't deal him a staggering blow, my name is not Jason Elder—that's all. I always said I'd bid my time. Ha! he! A flaw in his title. But that's just his way of doing business. I'd like to see any one pick a flaw in mine."

True to the evil purpose declared, Elder took the first opportunity to search out the party to whom the property owned by Lee would revert in case a defect really did exist in his title, and communicated the fact alleged. This individual, whose name was Larkin, seemed at first incredulous, but when Larkin was mentioned as authority, he seemed to feel quite an interest in the matter.

"I am really indebted to you," he said, with a bland smile; "should it prove true that there is a defect I shall have quite a windfall; and it could not have reached me in a better time, I will have the matter investigated at once."

"That blow will tell hard, surely. I have planted it below the fifth rib," said Elder to himself in a tone of cruel exultation as he left the presence of Mr. Earl.

Through much self-denial and hard labor, continued through many years, had Mr. Lee been able to provide a modest homestead for his family. He had been the more anxious to accomplish this, from the fact that declining health warned him of the approach of a day; how speedily it might arrive, he knew not, when the beloved ones who leaned on him so confidently would have none to care for them. If he could secure a home, into which they might cluster together, he felt that much would be gained. And this he had accomplished; but this effort cost too dearly. He had taxed his physical system to an extent that produced a serious reaction; and though he secured a dwelling for his family, he permanently weakened his constitution.

One day, in making a sudden effort, he ruptured a blood vessel, and was taken home in a dangerous condition. This was on the very day that

Jason Elder made the unfortunate discovery of a defect in the title of his property. Little dreamed he, as with death knocking at his door, he found consolation in the thought that his family, even if he were taken from them, would not be left without home, that at the very time, there was a movement on foot to deprive them of their little patrimony. And well for him was it that the veil of ignorance was before his eyes; for, had he known of the threatening danger, the knowledge would surely have cost him his life.

On the day following a gentleman called at the house of Mr. Lee, to notify him that proceedings were about being instituted for the purpose of the validity of his title; but learning that he was dangerously ill he went away without leaving any word as to the purport of his business.

In the mean time, Elder, who had not heard of Mr. Lee's illness, was awaiting with some interest, to see the ultimate effect of the blow he had struck. There were times when, in a measure he repented of what he had done. But the repentance was not deep; and his ill will towards Mr. Lee, soon obliterated all traces thereof.

On the third day Elder received a brief note from Mr. Earl, desiring him to call at his office, as he wished to see him on particular business. There was something in this note that affected Mr. Elder unpleasantly. What it was, however, he could not discover, although he read it over and over again, at least half a dozen times.

"I wonder what he wants with me!" he said, uneasily, as he started off promptly to obey the summons.

"Ah, Mr. Elder! I'm glad to see you." Mr. Earl smiled, and offered his hand. But there was something wrong in the smile, and no heart whatever in the pressure of his hand.

"I've been investigating that matter you brought to my notice," said Mr. Earl, and his countenance assumed a grave aspect.

"Ah! Have you? Well, sir, did you not find it as I said?"

"There is a flaw, certainly, and a very serious one."

"I was sure of it, from what Larkin said—He's never at fault in matters of this kind."

"You aimed a heavy blow at Mr. Lee, my friend," said Mr. Earl. There was a quick change in his manner, followed by a pause. Then he added:

"But it passed him unharmed, and struck another."

"Who?" eagerly inquired Elder.

"Yourself!" was the startling response.

"Me! I do not understand you, Mr. Earl!"

The countenance of Jason Elder had become suddenly overcast with alarm.

"Mr. Lee's title is perfectly good."

"It is!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Elder, turning pale.

"Not at all. Mr. Larkin is rarely at fault in matters of this kind. He knew there was a flaw somewhere in the property that once belonged to your uncle's estate, but erred in this instance. Mr. Lee is safe, but your title is not worth a copper. I am full obliged to you for hunting up this windfall for me—I should hardly come across it myself; and in consideration thereof, I will deal with you as leniently as possible. Of course, I do not expect you to take my word in regard to the flaw. Its existence, however, will be soon demonstrated. You had better see your lawyer and ask him to call on me. In the meantime, I will say that, for various reasons, I am ready to compromise. I don't wish to encounter the vexations, delays and expense of legal proceedings; and therefore, if you are disposed to meet me amicably, I will not be too exacting. In a word, then, I have in my own mind the sum for which I will execute a quit claim to the property. That sum is five hundred dollars."

Jason Elder groaned aloud.

"If my claim to the property is good—and I know it to be," resumed Mr. Earl, "I can recover three times that sum. If you compromise, I will act in a spirit of great moderation. But if you compel me to resort to law, I will take all the law allows."

Poor Jason Elder! The blow was a heavy one and it staggered him. A careful examination by his lawyer only proved the assertion of Mr. Earl. His title to the property was not worth a dollar. Glad enough was he to accept the proffered compromise, though at the clear loss of over five hundred dollars!

Well was it for Mr. Lee that the blow aimed with such bitter malignity did not execute the will of him by whom it was given. The consequence would to all human foresight have been fatal. Not until he was sufficiently recovered from his dangerous illness to be out again, did he learn of the evil that had been meditated and now it had receded upon the head of his enemy.

His pointed answer was:

"He dug a pit for another, and himself fell into it."

The declaration of Elder, made to more than one, that he had struck Mr. Lee a heavy blow, was remembered in connection with his serious loss from a defect in his title; and for a long time afterwards, he was spoken of, familiarly, among those who knew him, as "the man who struck himself."

A broad illustration this, of what is taking place daily, in hundreds of instances, around us. The evil that is maliciously meditated against others, usually comes back in some form upon those who seek to do their neighbors a wrong. In this matter there is a law of compensation which acts with unerring certainty. The blow that is struck in malice at another, may not seem to rebound. But, as surely as it is given will its power to do harm remain unspent until the circle of consequences is completed.

Several new diamond discoveries have been made in Brazil. A rush is being made by the inhabitants for the new diamond regions.

The journeymen shoemakers at Pittsburgh have struck for higher wages.

The Dawn of Spring.

BY IRE MARVEL.

I love to trace the break of Spring step by step; I love even those long rain storms that sweep the icy fortresses of the lingering winter, that melt the snow upon the hills, and swell the mountain brooks;—that make the pools heave up their glassy cerements of ice, and hurry down the crashing fragments into the wastes of the ocean.

I love the gentle thaws that trace day by day, by the stained snow banks shrinking from the grass; and by the gentle drip of the cottage eaves. I love to search out the sunny slopes by a southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anemone or the faint blush of the arbutus, in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart like a hope of Heaven, in a field of graves! Later comes those soft smoky days, when the patches of winter grain shows green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snow drifts reduced to shrunken skeletons of ice, lie upon the slopes of northern hills, leaving away their life.

Then, the grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilac swell, and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plums wear bodies of white. The sparkling oriole, picks strings for his hammock on his sycamore, and the sparrows twit in pairs. The old elms throw down their dingy flowers, and color their spray with green; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or minnow, float down whole fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple. Finally, the oak steps into the open quadrille of Spring, with grayish tints of modest verdure, which, by and by, will be lurid and glossy leaves. The dog wood pitches his broad white tent, in the edge of the forest; the dandelions lie along the hillocks, like scars in a sky of green; and the wild-cherry growing in all the hedge rows, without other culture than God's, lifts up to Him, thankfully, its tremulous white finger.

Amid all this, comes the rich rains of Spring. The affections of a boy grow up with tears to water them; and the year blossoms with flowers. But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly—like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently and drop daintily to the earth,—with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright—like so many tears of joy.

The rain of winter is cold, and it comes in bitter acids that blind you; but the rain of April steals upon you coolly, half reluctantly—yet lovingly—like the steps of a bride to the altar.

It does not gather like the storm clouds of Winter, grey and heavy subtle and insensible approaches (like age) to the very zenith; but there are a score of white winged swimmers aloft, that your eye has chased as you lay fatigued with delicious languor of an April sun—now have you scarce noticed that little bevy of those floating clouds grouped together in a sombre company.

But suddenly, ye see across the fields, the dark grey streaks stretching like lines of mist, from the green bosom of the valley in that spot of sky where the company of clouds is loitering; and with an easy shifting of the helm the fleet of swimmers comes drifting over you, and drop their burden into the dancing pools, and make the flowers glisten, and the eyes drip with their crystal bounty.

The cattle linger still, cropping the new-come grass; and childhood laughs joyously at the warm rain;—or under the cottage roof, catches with eager ear, the patter of its fall.

The Siamese Twins.

Chang and Eng have started on an exhibition through the United States, and were in New York, on Saturday, on their way to Boston. They were exhibited very generally a dozen years ago, made a handsome fortune, and then settled as planters in North Carolina. They married sisters, and as the twins were bound together by indissoluble bonds, they became heads of a double household.

In noticing the recent visit of Chang and Eng to the N. Y. Herald establishment, that paper says: They purchased a plantation of some five hundred acres in the native State of their better halves (North Carolina), where they have been increasing and multiplying in family, men servants and maid servants, and all material wealth. They now possess an establishment of thirty slaves, and a family of eleven children, of whom six are referable to Chang and the other five to Eng. They attend very industriously to the business of their plantation—kept the negroes to their work—were always ready and willing to turn their own hands to something useful, and would plow, and reap, and grind, and chop wood, and do all sorts of farm work. Then when business was not urgent, they would devote their time to field sports, and were among the keenest hunters, fowlers and fishermen of their district. In fact, they live as real country gentlemen, ready to drink a glass, or fight a round, as occasion required.

The Mesdames Chang and Eng seconded their lords right well in the management of the concern, and have remained behind to take charge of the household during the absence of their distinguished consorts. Madame Chang devotes her time to the general supervision of the slaves and the direction of the work to be performed on the plantation, while Madame Eng charges herself with the care of the young masters and misses, and keeps a school for their tuition and that of the negroes. We should not say all the children, for two of them accompany their sires in their tour, and will doubtless contribute much to the interest with which they will be regarded wherever they go.

A GOOD ONE.—In the United States Senate last week, an Indiana man twitted Clark of Rhode Island, about the Governor of that state having so poor a salary that he was obliged to raise cows and peddle milk. Clark rejoined, saying, that while in Rhode Island they raised their calves and sold their milk, in Indiana they raised their calves and sometimes sent them to Congress.—*Ex. Paper.*

Portage County Agricultural Society.

At a meeting of the Board of Government of the Portage County Agricultural Society, held at Ravenna April 5th, 1853 William Coolman, President, in the Chair, a quorum being present.

The following Township Committee were appointed for the ensuing year.
Atwater—Homer Hillyer, Platt A. Stannard, Aurora—Nelson Eggleston, A. V. Jewett, Brimfield—A. D. Burt, Wm. R. Kelso, Charlestown—D. P. Pond, Thomas Hatfield, Deerfield—Mason Gibbs, William Pickering, Edinburg—John G. Foley, Theodore Clark, Franklin—M. Andrews George Dewey, Freedom—J. J. Demorent, Lyman Bryant, Hiram—Carnot Mason, Harvey Udall, Mantua—Benjamin Blair, George Sheldon, Nelson—William Boyd, Henry Beecher, Paris—Blawell Pinney, Thomas B. Selby, Palmyra—Francis Lewis, Hiram Giddings, Rootstown—Wm. M. Butler, G. H. R. Prindell, Ravenna—D. H. Morgan, Isaac Hutson, Randolph—H. H. Morse, Thomas Gorby, Streetsboro—J. C. Dow, Harvey Baldwin, Shilohville—Benjamin Osterhold, Orris Foot, Suffield—Joel Pegg, Cyrus Adams, Windham—Henry Canfield, Joseph Angel.

On motion, it is Resolved, that the following Premiums be offered for the ensuing year.

ON FARMS.

The best cultivated Farm, not less than 40 acres, a Stephen's Book of the Farm and 2d best do. \$5 00

3d best do, Stephen's Book of the Farm 5 00

Best piece of cultivated swamp ground, not less than half an acre, Stephens Book of the Farm and 2d best do. 3 00

2d best do, Diploma and 3d best do, Diploma and 3 00

Best Oat, Orange Hedge, Stephens' Book of the Farm and 2d best Stephen's Book of the Farm 3 00

Best acre of Wheat, Ohio Farmer and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do, volume Cultivator and 2d best do, Rye 1 00

2d best do, vol. Cultivator and 3d best do, Indian Corn, a Book of farm and 2d best do. 3 00

3d best do, Ohio Farmer and 2d best do, Oats, a diploma and 3d best do, vol. Cultivator and 4 00

Best half acre of Potatoes 3 00

3d best do, vol. Cultivator and 2d best do, Flax, producing the most burden of seed, vol. Cultivator and 3 00

2d best do 2 00

Best acre of Grass, Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

ON GARDENS.

Best Kitchen Garden, a Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do 1 00

Best Floral and Ornamental do, a Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do, vol. Cultivator.

Best Specimen of Sweet Potatoes, with mode of culture, Diploma and Com. on Gardens—Enos P. Brainard, H. W. Smith, J. T. Green.

ON HORSES.

Best span of Matched Horses, Diploma and 2d best do. 3 00

3d best do, vol. Ohio Farmer 2 00

Best Stallion, Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do 2 00

Best single Gelding, a Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do 1 00

Best span of 3 year old Colts, a Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do 1 00

2 year old Colt, the present season, vol. Cultivator and 2 00

3d best do 2 00

Best 1 year old Colt 2 00

3d best do 1 00

Best single Mare 2 00

2d best do, vol. Cultivator and 3d best do 1 00

Best Colt under 8 months old 2 00

3d best do 1 00

N. B.—No animal entered as one of a span will be permitted to compete for the premium offered on single animals of the same description.

Best yoke of Working Oxen, not less than 4 years old, Stephen's Book of the Farm and 2d best do, a Diploma and 3 00

3d best do 2 00

Best yoke of three year old Steers, a Diploma and Stephen's Book of the Farm and 3 00

3d best do 2 00

2d best do, vol. Ohio Farmer and 3d best do, vol. Ohio Farmer and 1 00

Best pair of 2 year old Steers, Diploma and 2d best do, vol. Cultivator and 2 00

3d best do, vol. Ohio Farmer and 2d best do, vol. Ohio Farmer and 3 00

Best Yearling Bull, vol. Cultivator and 3d best do 1 00

2d best do, vol. Cultivator and 3d best do, vol. Ohio Farmer and 1 00

Best Bull Calf, vol. Cultivator and 3d best do 1 00

Best Milch Cow, vol. Ohio Farmer and 3d best do 1 00

2d best do, vol. Cultivator and 3d best do 1 00

Best Heifer 2 or 3 years old 2 00

3d best do 1 00

Best Heifer Calf, vol. Ohio Farmer, and 3d best do 1 00

2d best do 1 00

Best pair of Yearling Steers, vol. Ohio Farmer, and 3d best do 1 00

2d best do 1 00

ON TRAINS OF WORKING OXEN AND HORSES.

Best train of Oxen, at least 10 pairs from one Township, \$10 00

2d best do 5 00

3d best do, with omnibus, 5 00

Best 10 Cows, from one township 5 00

2d best do 3 00

ON SHEEP.

Best Saxony Buck, a Diploma and 2d best do, vol. Cultivator and 3 00

3d best do, vol. Cultivator and 2 00

Best Merino or Ramboulette Buck, a Diploma and 2d best do, 3 00

3d best do, 2 00

Best Long Wool Buck, a Diploma and 2d best do, 2 00

3d best do, 1 00

Best Saxony Ewe, a Diploma and 2d best do, 1 00

3d best do, 1 00

Best Merino Ewe, a Diploma and 2d best do, 1 00

3d best do, 1 00

Best Long Wool Ewe, Diploma and 2d best do, 1 00

3d best do, 1 00

Best pen of five fine wool Ewes, a Diploma and 2d best do, vol. Cultivator and 2 00

3d best do, 1 00

Best pen of 5 grade wool Ewes, a Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do. 1 00

Best pen of 5 long wool Ewes, a Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do. 1 00

Best French Merino Buck, a Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do. 1 00

Best French Merino Ewe, a Diploma and 2d best do. 2 00

3d best do. 1 00

ON SWINE AND MULES.

Best Mule under 6 months old, Diploma and 2d best do, vol. Cultivator \$1 00

3d best do, vol. Ohio Farmer and 2d best do, vol. Ohio Cultivator and 2 00

Best Sow and Pigs, Stephen's Book of the Farm, and 2d best, vol. Cultivator, and 1 00

3d best do, on wool.

The best exhibit of Wool, comprising the applicant's entire lot designed for market, and being the clip of his own flock, the present year, the cleansing and doing up for market, as well as the quality, considered, a Diploma and \$4 00

3d best do. 3 00

3d best do. 2 00

Committee on Wool, D. P. Pond, R. J. Thompson, G. Keen.

ON CLOTHS AND OTHER HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

The best piece of Domestic Woolen Cloth, not less than 10 yards \$2 00

2d best do 1 00

3d best do 1 00

Best piece of Factory 2 00

3d best do 1 00

Best piece of Domestic Plain Flannel, not less than 10 yards, a Diploma and 2 00

3d best do 1 00

2d best do 1 00

Best piece of Domestic Plaid, not less than 8 yards, a Diploma and 2 00

3d best do 1 00

2d best do 1 00

Best piece of Wool Carpeting, not less than 15 yards, a Diploma and 2 00

3d best do 1 50

2d best do 1 00

Best Rag Carpet, Cotton Warp, a Diploma and 2